

## BLACK TULIP

It's spring and it's gorgeous  
and you say you are diving down,  
deep down to that black heart,  
black tulip inside you,  
which you say is death;  
I say you love it too much.

Oh, pungent lilac!  
Purple irises, grass so turgid  
it stains your clothes when you lie  
on it to pine, to pine over your delicious  
death, and the sweat is staining your clothes  
like the dark green grass at dusk  
turning purple, like the lust you feel  
as you dip deep into everything you meet.